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LYNN PICTURES

BY

JAMES JEFFREY,

WITH DESIGNS AND ENGRAVINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

LYNN:
JEFFREY & LAW, PRINTERS,
1880.

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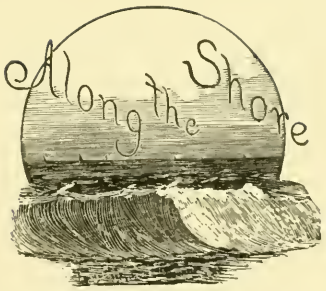
INTRODUCTION.

Few cities or towns have so many attractive places as Lynn; and to illustrate some of them is the object of this little book. The scope of the work does not admit of an elaborate description of each spot, not an extended review of Historical facts and traditions: but it is merely an attempt to portray the places mentioned, in a simple manner.

Lynnmere is situated near the Floating Bridge on the Salem and Boston turnpike; here is the summer residence of the widow of the late Hon. Richard S. Fay.

Here nature and art combined, has produced a stop which is very beautiful.

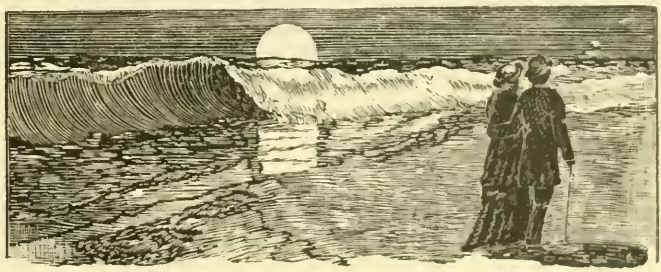

Along the Shore

Along the shore close beside the ever restless sea, the low green marshes stretch away to where the bold head lands of Revere break the long line of sandy beach. And spreading inland to where the wooded hills of Saugus' rocky surface rolls, where hazy distance lends an untold beauty to the view. But gorgeous is the sight when

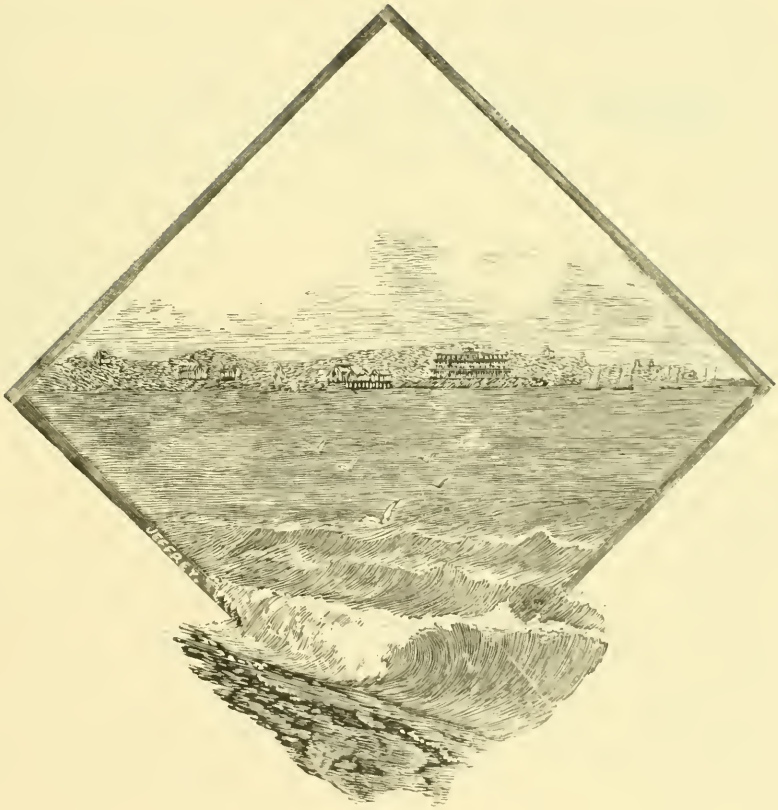
setting sun, spreads in the western sky a misty web of golden threads and tinges with its hue the surface of the winding river, as it wends its way among the many stacks of hay. And wider spreading until it finally empties into the harbor: here merry oarsmen hale and strong, shoot with brown arms their light skiffs over the water. Here white winged yachts go to and fro as if they knew not where to go, like swallows hither, thither flying.

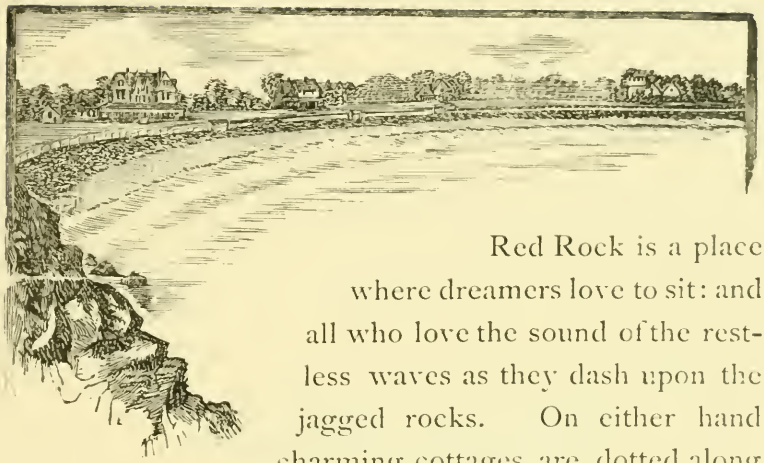
Fair beach! when summer sunshine warms the earth and lapsing waves do kiss thee; 'tis then a stroll along thy way, is like a dream of other lands. We see the merry bathers battling with the breakers, and ships so slowly glide along the horizon. We see the gulls soar away on

high and white-capped waves lash the rocky shores of gay Nahant. But when the fiery shafts of heaven shoot athwart the sky and rumbling thunder shakes the rocks and howling wind sweeps from the east, 'tis then the angry waves lash thy shore as if they would drown thee. Or when the moon comes out the sea and its soft rays play with the restless waves, then lovers arm in arm and heart to heart stroll along thy sandy way, enjoying the beauties of the moonlit sea.



RED ROCK.



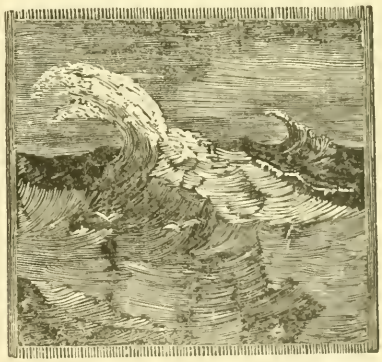


Red Rock is a place where dreamers love to sit: and all who love the sound of the restless waves as they dash upon the jagged rocks. On either hand charming cottages are dotted along the shore; with their smooth lawns and shady nooks, they make one think that this world is beautiful enough. Looking farther on towards Swampscott, one sees the fishermen launching their boats getting ready for a voyage to some far-off fishing grounds.

One sits upon this rock and gazes and listens: thinks of the vast expanse of the ocean until his heart is "full

of longing for the secrets of the sea." But when the mantle of night is spread o'er all and softly the sound of the city bells come stealing through the air, they sing again the poet's song.

"O curfew of the setting sun! O bells of Lynn!
O requiem of the dying day! O bells of Lynn!
Borne on the evening wind across the crimson
twilight,
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O bells of Lynn!"



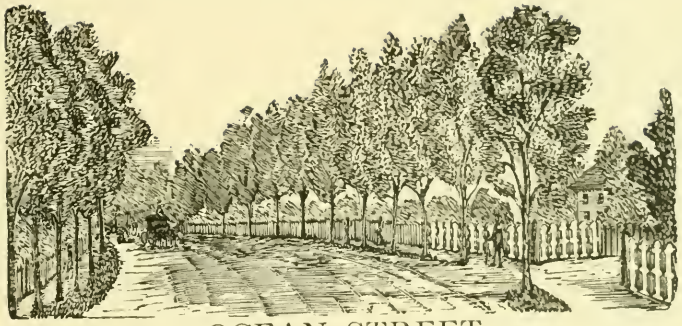
HIGH ROCK.

HIGH ROCK.

Ah! what a sight here meets our eyes; before us lies the grand old ocean and at our feet the town with its many winding streets. Far away to the westward like a brilliant star, shines the gilded dome of the state-house and piercing the sky the monument of Bunker Hill.

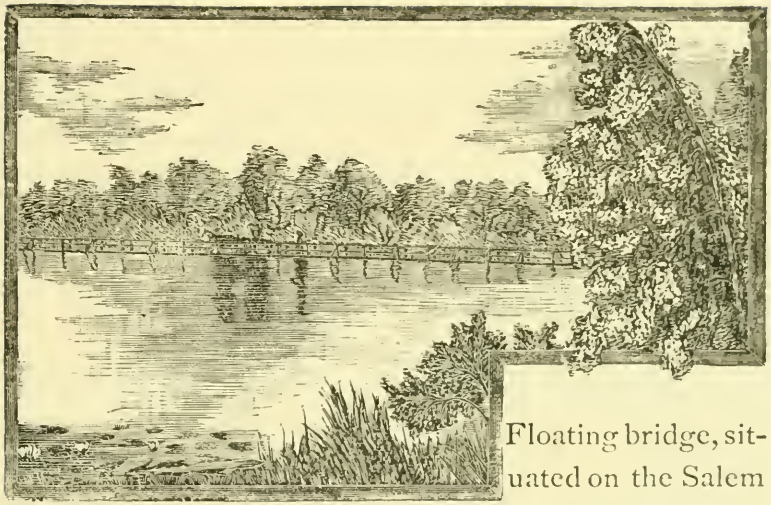
To the south the distant headlands of the bay darken the horizon, while near at hand like an Eden set in the sea is Nahant, and Egg Rock with its white light-house.

Not far away lies beautiful Swampscott and the fishing vessels moored off the shore. Eastward as far as the eye can reach we see Cape Ann in the misty distance and Marblehead's spires in bold relief against the sky; while northward, rocky knolls and wooded hills stretch for miles away.



OCEAN STREET.

This beautiful avenue, running from Nahant Street to Swampscott, is the finest drive in the city. Upon each side are the houses of wealthy citizens and summer residents. A ride through this avenue in the summer is extremely beautiful. The smooth lawns, the half hidden cottages among the trees, the sound of the breakers washing the shore and an occasional glimpse of the blue ocean as we glide along the smooth road, fill the heart with admiration.



Floating bridge, situated on the Salem and Boston turnpike, extends across a beautiful sheet of water known as Glenmere pond which is surrounded for the most part by wooded shores, except on the north and east; where the land rises in gentle slopes from the water and where a few weather beaten cottages add to the picturesqueness of the scene.

Lake Wenuchus or Flax Pond, although somewhat disfigured by ice-houses on its shores, still retains some of its natural beauties. Here bathers who prefer fresh to salt water, lave

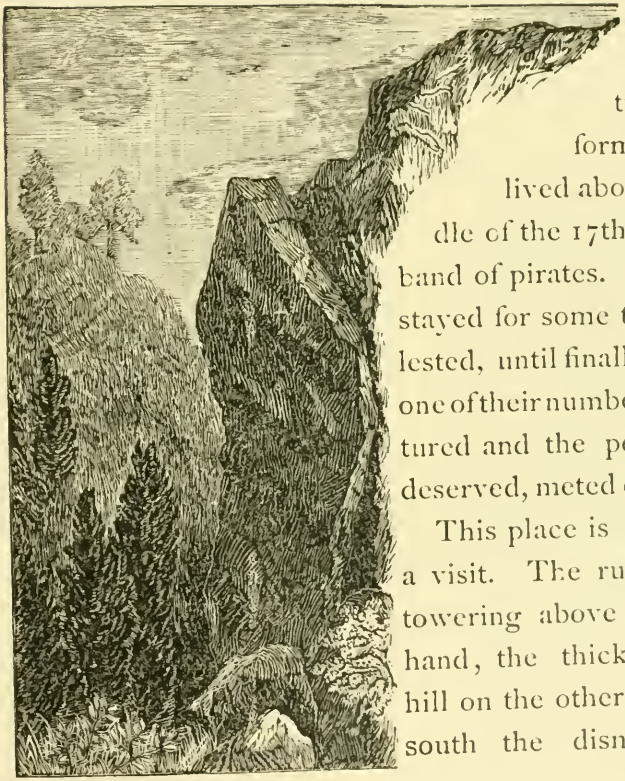
themselves during the warm summer evenings. And those who prefer to sail or row upon the lake, pass their leisure time plowing its smooth or slightly ruffled surface. But when

winter with frosty fingers spreads a glossy sheet over the lake, then the youth of both sexes enjoy themselves with the healthy sport of skating.

LOVER'S LEAP.

Since Addison wrote the translation of the Greek manuscript giving a short history of the Lover's Leap upon the promontory of Leucate. it is surprising to see how many places have been named after that far famed spot. But thanks to heaven! very few of them have found lovers foolish enough to leap from their dizzy heights, and we are happy to say, that no Sappho nor Hesperus has leaped from this beautiful eminence. Located upon the fine estate known as Linwood, its surroundings are very beautiful.

PIRATES' GLEN
AND
DUNGEON ROCK.



In this lone spot, tradition informs us, there lived about the middle of the 17th. century, a band of pirates. Here they stayed for some time unmolested, until finally all except one of their number were captured and the penalty they deserved, meted out to them.

This place is well worth a visit. The rugged rocks towering above on the one hand, the thickly wooded hill on the other and on the south the dismal swamp,

through whose dense foliage the eye cannot penetrate but a few feet, combine to form a solitary scene. In connection with the surroundings, the thoughts of pirates crowding the mind, the scene is indescribably lonesome.

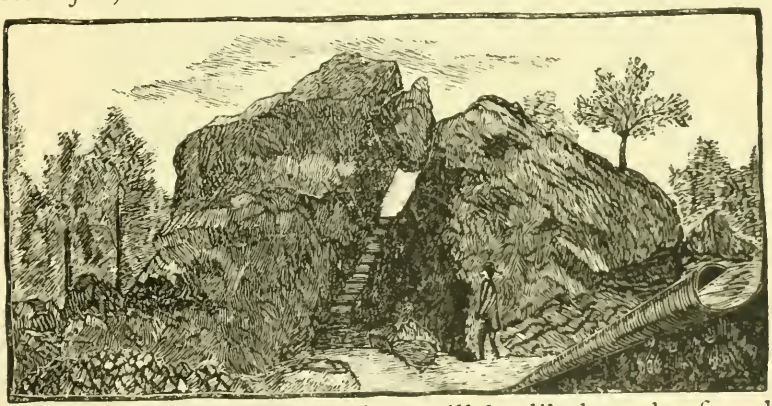
One tries to dispel these thoughts; especially if he is alone in the late afternoon, when the tall pines throw shadows that have no end.

A feeling of dread steals over you, until it is almost unbearable and you retire leaving the thoughts of pirates and their bloody work.

DUNGEON ROCK.

In the year 1658, an earthquake took place that up-

heaved this rock and it said that the pirate who escaped from the glen was buried alive. Tradition tells of treasure buried here: and in hopes it may be found, the present excavation has been made. But it is not a fruitless job, for the income from the curious who visit the



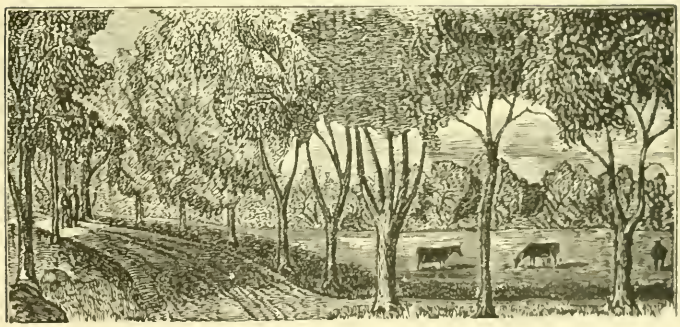
spot, leave more money than will be likely to be found in the bowels of the rock. The scenery from the top of the rock is extremely wild. Like a sea of waving green, for miles the landscape stretches away; and in the distance can be seen the outline of the blue Atlantic.

Ah Lynnmere! with thy sylvan shades
Thy placid lake and sunny glades:
'Tis here on sultry summer days
I love to stroll along thy ways
And with fair nature seek to praise
The Maker of such heavenly days.

In leafy arches overhead

The ivy with the oak is wed,

The hickory with the maple twine



In many a fantastic line,

Until their branches shut from view

The broad expanse of heaven's bright blue.

Here squirrels skip from limb to limb
And with their chirp the green woods ring :
While near at hand the jay bird's cry
Startles one from his revery ;

While hazy vistas farther on

That tempt the footsteps all along

And lead through tangled copse wood ways,

Or where the careless brooklet strays.

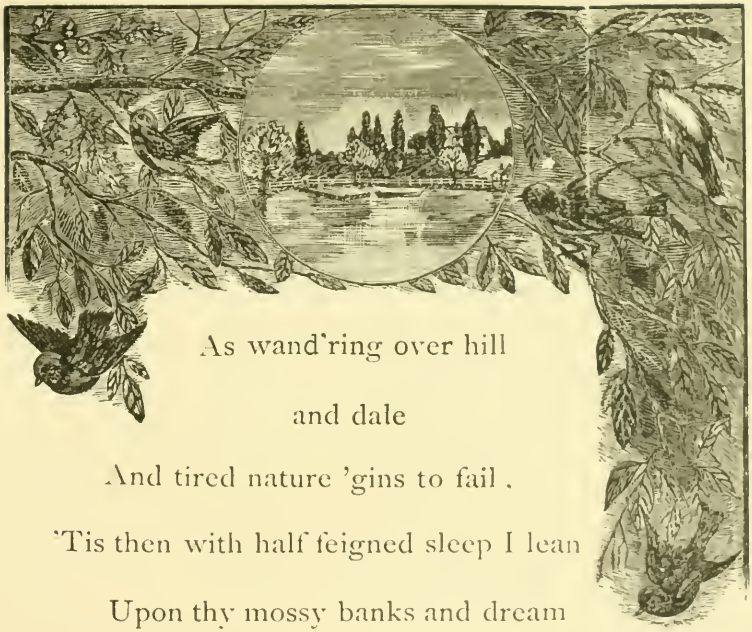
Among thy shades the whispering pine

With rustling oak and maple chime

In murmuring tones and softly sigh

At every breeze that passes by.

And as these breezes go their way,
They linger on the lake to play
With lapsing ripples on the shore
Which dance and play for ever more
And kiss the bright and pebbly strand
As if they loved this eden-land.



As wand'ring over hill
and dale
And tired nature 'gins to fail,
'Tis then with half feigned sleep I lean
Upon thy mossy banks and dream
Of Eden's softest shades, and hear
The songs of sweet birds far and near.

While ever and anon is heard
The lowing of the distant herd.
With playful sparkle skims the ground
The purling stream with silvery sound
And lovely flowers their scents exhale:
'Tis then the ravished senses fail,
And really in the land of dreams
The deity of shepherds seems
To be the lord of all the land:
For merry shepherds hand in hand
To his loud piping dance and sing
While field and wood with music ring.

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